

WOMAN STABBED IN CROWD: HUNT FOR ASSAILANT

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

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One Penny.

RAILWAY CROSSING TRAGEDY



Miss Milly Emmett, of Hackney Wick, and Mr. J. Dorner, also of Hackney, who were struck by an express train on Easter Monday while passing over the line at Copper Mill crossing, Hackney Marshes. The girl was hurled down the embankment and died almost immediately. Mr. Dorner was so injured that his death took place yesterday in Whips Cross Hospital, to which he was removed.

OMINOUS NEWS



THAMES EMBANKMENT STABBING MYSTERY



REMANDED



Archibald Westropp Weir, who was charged at Brighton Police Court yesterday with murder and attempted murder.

AIRMAN'S ENGAGEMENT



Commander K. Mackenzie-Grieve, R.N., the well-known airman, who is engaged to be married to Miss Janet Baddeley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Baddeley.

LEAVING FOR FRANCE



Earl Curzon, who left for France yesterday to complete the treatment for phlebitis which he was receiving at the hands of a French specialist last autumn.

Mrs. A. Southwood, of Islington, a young woman about twenty-seven years of age, who was stabbed in the throat while waiting with her husband for a tramcar on the Thames Embankment by Charing Cross. The wound was serious, but not dangerous. The doctors put in six stitches and Mrs. Southwood is still in hospital. The assailant is unknown and no one saw the striking of the blow.

GIRL'S FATE AT ARTS CLUB.

Tragic Farewell Letter to Sister.

"WEARY OF LIFE."

Hopeless Love for Another After Leaving Husband.

Hopeless love for another man after her marriage had proved a failure was revealed yesterday as the motive for the suicide of Mrs. Ida Sands Caiton, twenty-eight, a clerk at the Arts Club, Dover-street, Piccadilly.

She poisoned herself on Good Friday by attaching a tube to the gas jet in her room at the club.

In a letter to her sister, read yesterday at the inquest, she said: "I am weary of life. . . You know where my heart has been for years, whom I respect and love. My life is hell. Forgive me."

Mrs. Caiton, whom the coroner found was insane at the time of her act, expressed a wish to be cremated.

MARRIAGE FAILURE.

Mrs. Caiton's Last Wish for Cremation—"Forget and Forgive."

It was stated at the inquest by Mrs. Ethel Farmer, of Gloucester-crescent, the dead woman's sister, that she married Oliver Edward Caiton in 1917, but never lived with him.

The Coroner: Why did they not live together?

—Mrs. Farmer: He never supported her. He gave her £5 and took it from her again. More often than not, she had to give him money and buy him clothes and try to make him do better.

What was the matter with him?—Drink and laudanum.

Proceeding, Mrs. Farmer said that she saw Mrs. Caiton last Wednesday and she was very unhappy. She said: "If only my husband would do something and support me; if only he would save his money until we could get a home."

She never said anything about suicide?—No.

She was fond of somebody?—I don't think she was more fond of anyone. She would have divorced him if he would have supported her.

It doesn't look like it from the letter found, does it? She expresses indifference to her husband and very great affection for somebody else. I suppose you know she was fond of that somebody else?—Yes.

And they could not get married?—No.

FAREWELL LETTER.

Summing-up, the coroner said that Mrs. Caiton was getting very depressed, and it appeared that she came across somebody of whom she was very fond, but he was a married man.

She apparently saw unhappiness for her in the future, and decided to end her life. She was in no sort of trouble at the club. Her affairs were in order, and a letter to her sister, dated March 30, the day of her death, read:—

This will hurt you. I know quite well you will be angry. I have often written on your account books. I think Mrs. Arts Club will be surprised at the scandal, but if I did it at home you will discover it and the shock will be horrible. I choose the lesser evil.

All I will do is to credit at the Post Office, and the book is in my desk. Hard cash here will amount to something like £25.

There is about £25 in my blue velvet bag. If I can be cremated, so much the better.

Closing: Mrs. Caiton wrote:—

My dear! I am weary of life. Do what you like with my things. My books try and keep. There are some I prize greatly, and you will find them in different places.

Give my dearest love to father. You know I care intensely for yourself and John. Don't let E. G. [the coroner] know I care for you. (Referring to her husband)—Know anything of me.

At least, we are not hypocrites and never pretended that we cared, or that we had the least regard for each other.

I don't want him to know, or to have a hand in the disposal of my remains. You know I am sorry to go away, but death before—

MY HEART'S LOVE!

The coroner, remarking that the missing word was meant to be "dishonour," said the letter went on to suggest taking some flowers and cigarettes to a French teacher, whom she liked very much, and concluded:—

You know whom I respect and love, and I have regard to her. Forgive me.

My life is hell. Try to forget me and tender my sincere apologies to Messrs. Arts Club. You know my dearest and heart's love. Forgive me—me.

Regarding his verdict, the coroner said it was clear that Mrs. Caiton had not made a successful marriage, and had fallen in love with somebody else who was married. She came to the conclusion that life was not worth living without him.

BOY'S PICNIC DEATH.

One of a picnic party, William Thomson, aged eleven, fell from a cliff near Alloa, East Scotland, and was found dead in a stream, his neck being broken.

A young lad believed to belong to Portsmouth, met with a fatal cycling accident near Farnham, his machine colliding with a wall.

NO PROHIBITION.

I. L. P. Conference Reject Glasgow Demand.

SCOTSMEN SHOCKED.

An animated discussion on the drink question arose at the reopening in London yesterday of the Independent Labour Party Conference. A resolution by Liverpool declared antagonism to the drink traffic as an insidious factor in social degradation, and affirmed the belief in public ownership and control of the liquor trade.

To this Peterhead, Shawlands and Glasgow City moved an amendment affirming belief in total prohibition.

Mr. P. J. Dolan (Glasgow), supporting prohibition, declared that a sober democracy was an intelligent democracy, and an intelligent democratic revolution.

One of the greatest obstacles to mass intelligence was the "insidious poison" laded out by the drink trade in this country.

Some people talked of the improved public house. One of the most degrading sights I.L.P. Scotsmen had seen on their present visit to London was the queue of women and infants in arms outside the public-houses.

"Scotland," he added, "is bad enough, but we are not so degraded as to tolerate that kind of thing."

Mr. John Carnegie (Dundee), in a racy speech, made a retort to those who declared that the drink traffic led to crime and degradation. One of the biggest bank robberies in Glasgow, he said, was done by temperance men.

The prohibition amendment was defeated by 163 against 152, and the resolution was carried.

A resolution was also adopted in favour of the Cabinet system and the substitution of Government committees with Ministers as chairmen was referred to the National Administrative Council for further examination.

STEPPED TO HER DEATH.

Coroner Exonerates Motor-Car Driver—Man's Fate on Road.

Two fatal street accidents were yesterday incurred into by the West London coroner at Hammersmith.

Eleanor Roche, aged fifty-three, single woman, Charles-street, Putney Hill, was killed by a motorist in Holland Park-avenue, Kensington.

Charles Sosali, Monteagle, Edmonton, owner and driver of the car, said the woman suddenly stepped off the kerb in front of his car.

A brother of Miss Roche said she had suffered from cataract in the left eye, and the coroner in recording a verdict of Accidental Death exonerated the driver from blame.

The second accident occurred in Hammersmith, George-Harrington-street, at fifty-eight Ramnech-road, Hammersmith, being knocked down by a motor-car. As the owner of the car had gone abroad for a month, the coroner adjourned the inquest for his evidence.

KRUPP CHIEFS ARRESTED

Essen Death-Roll Now Eleven: Sixty Wounded—French Victims.

COLOGNE, Tuesday. The number of dead as the result of the shooting at Krupp's is now eleven and the wounded about sixty, including two French engineers who were shot in the head.

Many of those wounded were shot at such short range that it is impossible to say whether they were shot in the front or the back, but some were undoubtedly shot in the back.

The funeral of the victims has been arranged to take place to-morrow at the Ehrenfriedhof or the Cemetery of Honour at Essen. Krupp's paying the expenses. A hundred thousand workers are expected to turn out.

Four of Krupp's directors have been arrested and removed to Warden. No sanctions have been imposed.—Reuter.

Sinnies' Railway Deal.—A telegram from Belgrave, quoted in a Paris wire to the Central News, states that Herr Hugo Sinnies has bought the Southern Railway, which joins Austria, Jugoslavia and Hungary.

PANELS FOR DUKE.

Suggestion to Line Room at White Lodge with Australian Woods.

The wedding present to the Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon should consist of paneling a room at White Lodge, Richmond, with Australian woods is the novel suggestion made to Lady Cook, wife of the High Commissioner for Australia.

The proposition will be considered at this morning's meeting at Australia House.

Lady Cook has received from Dame Nellie Melba a subscription of £20 to the wedding present fund.

BUILDING DISPUTE DEADLOCK.

There was "no change" in the building dispute yesterday. Employers will post notices to take effect on April 14. The Emergency Committee of the National Federation of Building Trade Operatives is meeting in London to-day and to-morrow, and the Special Disputes Committee of the Federation will also consider the position to-morrow. The Ministry of Labour is in touch with both sides.

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EX-KAISER'S WIFE.

Returning to Doorn with Her Children.

SEPARATION DENIED.

DOORN, Tuesday. From inquiries made here there appears to be no foundation for the repeated assertions that the ex-Kaiser and his wife have separated. There is reason to believe, on the contrary, that she is returning to Doorn with her children after Whitson.

Seven rooms in the castle were being fitted up this morning for the use of the children. Princess Hermine, when she left the castle, said good-bye to a number of persons, and added in each case that she would return after Whitson. Finally, a categorical denial of the rumoured separation was given by one of the ex-Kaiser's officials.—Reuter.

RACEHORSE OWNER DIES

Mr. W. E. Whineray, Who Sold Leighton for 3,100 Guineas.

Mr. W. E. Whineray, the former owner of the racehorse Leighton and well-known cotton merchant, has died in Liverpool.

Mr. Whineray was one of the biggest cotton brokers in Liverpool. When, owing to illness, he sold his racehorses, Leighton brought 3,100 guineas.

Leighton was expected by Mr. Whineray to win the Derby last year, and his confidence was strengthened by the fact that he drew first in the sweepstakes. Before the race Mr. J. B. Joel offered Mr. Whineray £20,000 for the horse.

Leighton, however, had failed after failure, and though it could do wonders on racing-ground was unfortunate on the racecourse.

Mr. Whineray regarded Leighton so certain for success in last year's Derby that he spent all the morning before the race writing cables and wires to his friends urging them to back the horse.

DRINKS TO MUSIC.

Licensing Magistrates Say Licence Is Needed for Public-House Radios.

The question of "listening-in" sets in public houses was discussed by the delegates attending the conference of the International Order of Good Templars.

The Licensing Benchers had agreed that a music licence was necessary when one of these instruments was provided to entertain customers.

For the time being, however, the magistrates agreed to leave the matter, and all the Templars could do was to make representations with a view to protecting themselves and their interests against this special treatment for public-houses.

Ex-President Wilson "listened-in" to Lord Robert Cecil's speech yesterday on the League of Nations in his Washington home, says a censor's telegram.

The Prince of Wales was the victim of a motor smash along the Paris-Cherbourg road. Prince Asako, brother of the Mikado, was also in the car, but, although injured, is now (says the Exchange) out of danger.

The body of Prince Kito, who was killed with the chauffeur of a Paris taxi yesterday, where it will remain pending its removal to Tokyo.

Mr. John Mitcheson, British Vice-Consul in Paris, while motoring from Nancy to Touli over a boy of nine, who was instantly killed, says a Reuter message.

Ten passengers (says an Exchange Paris message) on Monday were injured when a train on the miniature railway between Porte Maillot, Paris, and the Jardins d'Acimitation slipped the rails and overturned.

Fourteen passengers were badly hurt when a motor-car going from Lyon to Neuville-sur-Saone ran into a steam train.

"CUT" TO AVOID INCOME TAX.

Among persons summoned for non-payment of income tax in the Oldham district was a man engaged in the Civil Service, who, it was stated, had applied to have his salary reduced so that he might be exempt from payment of tax.

PRINCESS MARY PRESENTS PRIZES.

Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles visited the Hackney Show at Doncaster yesterday. The Princess was enthusiastically received and warmly cheered on entering the ring to present some of the principal prizes.

FAIR OF BEAUTY FOR WOMEN.

"Daily Mirror's" Great Pageant of Fashion.

SPRING CREATIONS.

Exhibits from World's Most Famous Model Houses.

All women are looking forward to the opening of *The Daily Mirror* International Fashion Fair at Holland Park Hall on Monday week, April 16.

This exhibition will be one of the outstanding events of the London season. *The Daily Mirror*, the woman's paper, and the paper for the home, is determined to present a Fashion Fair on a scale hitherto unapproached.

The International Fashion Fair will be what its inscription signifies. It will provide a pageant of dress and beauty which will attract and enthral multitudes.

It will not be an exhibition of ironmongery and hardware, but a revelation of the art of dress and of decoration.

WORLD'S "100 BEST."

Wonderful Collection of Gowns, Hats, Silks and Perfumes.

The Fashion Fair will be held from the 16th-28th of this month.

Women should make a note of these dates, and visit the exhibition as early as possible.

The whole cultural resources of Western Europe have been laid under tribute for this great exhibition.

All visitors will be fascinated by the exhibits, which will represent the most accomplished work of houses whose names are familiar the world over.

The Callot Soeurs, Isobel, Fifiella, Madeleine and Madeleine, Beau, Tiziana, Adele de Paris, Zyrof and Pam, and Paul Caret—to mention a few of the famous model houses taking part in the exhibition—will show their new spring and summer creations upon the world's most lovely wares.

Besides gowns, there will be included the most wonderful collection of hats, furs, shoes, hose, perfumes, silks and satins, gathered from the four quarters of the globe.

Cole, Atkinson, Roger and Gallef, Superfloro, Perfume d'Orsay are amongst those who will exhibit perfumes.

A feature of that will be included within the exhibition of all the "world's hundred best" is impossible to make.

But no woman will be quite happy in London who has not visited *The Daily Mirror* International Fashion Fair.

YACHT ABLAZE.

Explosion Followed by Fire on Motor Vessel—Party's Escape.

While Mr. Pearson, of West Mersea, was starting on his motor-yacht for a cruise on the East Coast with a party of friends, an explosion occurred.

Fire broke out, and the yacht was practically destroyed by the blaze. Members of the party were unharmed.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

Weather Forecast.—Winds mainly between east and south; considerable bright periods. Lighting up time, 7.35 p.m.

Mr. G. J. Gould, who has been ill at his villa at Cap Martin, is said to be recovering.

Actress' Bankruptcy.—Miss Edith Day, the actress, has filed her petition in bankruptcy, says a New York wire.

St. George's Day a special National Service will be held at St. Paul's Cathedral by the Royal Society of St. George.

London's Holiday.—All previous Bank Holiday records for London tramway passenger traffic were beaten on Monday and the receipts were a record.

Springtime "Rise."—Ironworkers of South Staffordshire will have their wages advanced 2½ per cent. on Monday, to continue till the first Saturday in June.

Crowded Train Tragedy.—Falling from a crowded train when the door flew open, Reginald Parkhouse, an Abercrombie collier, died yesterday from his injuries.

Chancellor's Holiday.—Viscount Cave, the Lord Chancellor, and Viscount Finlay yesterday arrived at Gibraltar, says Reuter, and lunched with Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, the Governor.

Boy in Chess Tournament.—In the Liverpool Chess Tournament yesterday Misses Ned Yates and Marjorie heat Louis in the Premier tournament. In the major tournament Drewitt beat Abrahams, the boy competitor.

Prince's Cup.—A challenge cup given by the Prince of Wales was at the Hackney Show at Doncaster yesterday won by Mr. Charles Woodall, of Hessle (Yorks) with Priory Surprise for the best stallion for breeding cattle horses.

NATION LOOKING TO CABINET TO END FARM STRIKE

Government Aid for Agriculture as Way Out of Disastrous Dispute.

EXCITING SCENES IN NORFOLK FIELDS

Raiding Band as Masters' "Last Straw"—Story of Pupils "Beaten with Cudgels."

So grave is the menace to the country's home-grown food supplies caused by the Norfolk farm strike, that the nation is demanding Government intervention to settle the dispute.

So far the Government has done nothing, despite the fact that neither side to the dispute is making exorbitant demands.

A bonus, not exceeding 2s. a bushel on wheat, would enable the farming industry to tide over its present financial crisis.

Disturbances have been reported from several farms, and in one case it is alleged that farm pupils were beaten with cudgels.

DEARER BREAD MENACE THAT MUST BE AVERTED.

Public Demand for Action to Safeguard Country.

FARM DISTURBANCES.

When is the Government going to intervene in the Norfolk farm strike, which threatens to spread to other eastern counties and seriously to diminish our home-grown food supplies?

The position is already one of grave menace to the nation's life. Should the disputes continue during the spring and summer, one of the perils the country might have to face is that of dearer bread.

Everybody therefore is looking to the Government to take the situation in hand at once. A policy of drift and inaction would certainly entail disastrous results not only to agricultural interests in Norfolk, but to the country in general.

It is high time for the Government to intervene.

Farmers in Norfolk are angry over the strike disturbances which occurred on four farms in the Wensum and Brougham areas.

A band of about 150 strikers first went to Mr. Henry Overman's farm and ordered a number of pupils out of a field in which they were working. Eventually the strikers went away, but Mr. Overman, it is reported, was threatened by the strikers.

CUDGEL BATTLE STORY.

Then the strikers went to Mr. Gilbert Overman's farm. Here they tried to stop the men from working, but were prevented by the police. Subsequently the band visited Mr. Ringer's farm at Rougham. Here, it is alleged, four pupils, aged from eight to twelve years, were beaten with cudgels. A wagon loaded with hay was held up and the horses turned out.

Next the strikers visited Mr. Keith's farm, and two labourers there were assaulted, but no serious injury was done.

In an interview yesterday Mr. Harry German, president of the Farmers' Union, said: "Up to now the Labourers' Union have acknowledged that their young members are not blacklegs. This is the last straw. If there were any weak-kneed farmers, they will be firm now."

Labourers who were spoken to yesterday disapproved of violence.

Ex-Premier's Land Policy.—Mr. A. Maclaren, M.P., speaking yesterday at the Independent Labour Party's Conference, declared that Mr. Lloyd George told him that he was going back to the land question.

Mr. Maclaren said he believed that if the Labour Party did not take up a land policy they would have the Liberal Party doing so.

THE PLOUGHMAN'S BOY.

Poor Lads' Chance to Win £1,000 Farming Scholarship.

While the farming dispute is holding up agriculture to a considerable extent, the Ministry of Agriculture is inviting applications from promising sons of farm workers for a number of valuable farming scholarships.

The bright son or daughter of a ploughman or a cowherd has the chance of:

£1,000 education in farming at any one of a number of leading universities (ten scholarships); or

A course of training worth £400 to £500 at an agricultural college (ten scholarships); or

A course worth £100 at a farm institute (five scholarships).

Last year a poor farm boy won the gold medal of the East Anglian Farm Institute, and now has the chance of going to an agricultural college. At Aberystwyth University College a girl won the first place.

The total annual cost is £20,000; the money comes out of the final grant of £1,000,000 made to agriculture by the Government.

EXECUTION OF PRELATE BY MOSCOW ORDERS.

Soviet Shoots Coadjutor to Archbishop of Petrograd.

WORLD APPEAL FAILS.

WARSAW, Tuesday.

A telegram from Moscow states that Mgr. Budkiewicz was executed on March 31.

The condemned man was shot.—Reuter.

Mgr. Budkiewicz, who was coadjutor to Mgr. Cepiak, Archbishop of Petrograd, was sentenced to death with the Archbishop.

When the latter's death sentence was commuted to ten years' solitary confinement by his coadjutor was confirmed.

In executing Mgr. Budkiewicz the Soviet Government has flouted a world-wide appeal to save his life.

In Bialystok, it is understood, presented a final appeal on his behalf to M. Chicherin.

It was pointed out in the appeal that the execution of the sentence would call forth horror and indignation which was hardly desirable even from the point of view of Russia's material interests, not to mention other considerations.

Mgr. Budkiewicz was fifty-five years of age, and belonged to an old and wealthy Polish family.

He was Father Superior of the Church of St. Catherine at Petrograd, and the title of Prelate was conferred on him by the Pope for special services.

Archbishop Cepiak and Mgr. Budkiewicz and sixteen priests were tried in Moscow on three counts—opposing the decree separating Church and State; opposing the requisition of Church treasures; and being responsible for agitation designed to provoke the closing of the churches.

SOVIET NOTE RETURNED.

Reply That Impugns Sincerity of British Government's Appeal.

According to information reaching London, the representative of the British Government in Moscow has received from the Russian Government a somewhat remarkable reply to the protests which he had made against the condemnation of the two prelates.

The reply, published in the Moscow Press, asserts the sovereign rights of Russia and qualifies the protest by intercession with the operation of the law, "in order to protect spies and traitors."

It concludes with the following sentence: "If similar facts which have taken place in India and Egypt are taken into consideration, it is hardly possible to regard an appeal in the name of humanity and sacredness of life from the British Government as very convincing."

The British Ambassador in Moscow returned this Note to the Russian Government with a private letter to the effect that he is unable to accept it in its present form because it impugns the sincerity of an appeal emanating from His Majesty's Government.

RAIL STRIKE THREAT.

N.U.R. Await Reply on Shop Wage Issue—Teachers' Lock-Out?

Following the decision of the N.U.R. that if the railway companies press for a further wage cut, for shipment the national strike will be called, the union is waiting for the next move by the railway managers.

After many conferences, Lovestoft Education Committee and their teaching staff, to the number of 160, have failed to come to terms, and a lock-out is now regarded as inevitable.

The schools are due to reopen next Monday, and the committee have advertised for teachers, but it is not considered possible that a sufficient staff will be engaged in time for work to be carried on.



Dr. John Hutton, who succeeded Dr. Jowett at Westminster Chapel, Buckingham-gate.



Lady Helen Forbes is lying seriously ill with laryngitis at Hill House, Purton, Wilts.

WOUNDED WOMAN ON EMBANKMENT MYSTERY.

Police Hunt for Another on Stabbing Charge.

TRAM QUEUE AFFRAY.

Cry of "I'm Dying!" Follows Impromptu Concert.

After a mysterious midnight stabbing affray on the Victoria Embankment, near Charing Cross Station, Scotland Yard detectives were yesterday searching for a woman who is wanted on the charge of attempted murder.

The victim was Mrs. A. Southwood, a pretty woman of about twenty-seven, of Queen's-street, Essex-road, Islington.

She is in Charing Cross Hospital suffering from a wound in the throat, but her condition is not considered serious.

It was while she was with a group of friends, waiting in the queue for an Islington tram, that Mrs. Southwood was suddenly attacked from behind by a woman, who was accompanied by another woman and two men.

STORY OF EYE-WITNESS.

Her husband told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that, although he was with the party, he did not see the attack.

"I was discussing motor-boats with a friend," Mr. Southwood said, "when I saw my wife running across the road, towards the tramway tunnel and screaming 'I'm dying!'

"She was holding her hands to her throat, which was cut, and, after binding her up, I took her to Charing Cross Hospital."

Mrs. Osborne, of 9, Princess-street, Elephant and Castle, who was also a member of the party, said that she saw the two women leave the attack before Mrs. Southwood was assaulted.

"There was a big crowd waiting for trams," she said, "and two men were playing concertinas. To help them a little, my husband sang a song or two and collected money for them in a hat."

"The woman took off her hat and coat, gave them to one of the men, rushed up to Mrs. Southwood, and cut her throat with what looked like a razor."

POLICE DESCRIPTION.

Both the wound and a slit made in the right side of Mrs. Southwood's hat suggest that the attack was made with a knife.

Scotland Yard gave the following description of Mrs. Southwood's assailant, who is wanted on the charge of attempted murder:

About thirty-five to thirty-seven, 5ft. 5in., fair hair, pale complexion, thin face, prominent nose, slim build, dressed in long blue serge coat and dark close-fitting hat. Clothing probably blood-stained. May be accompanied by a dark woman about forty and 5ft. high, wearing long black plush coat, and two men.

The mystery woman was unknown to any member of the party except Mr. Osborne, who says that he has seen her on several occasions, but does not know her name or address.

"It is certain that my wife did not know her," said Mr. Southwood. "I do not think she has an enemy in the world."

BURNING HOUSE LEAP.

Son's Efforts to Rescue Parents Trapped in Bedroom.

Exciting fire rescue scenes were witnessed in Shefford.

Constable Goddard, who lives with his parents at Newburn-road, Tinsley, was awakened by a smell of burning.

He awakened his parents, and, climbing through the back window down a waterspout, aroused the neighbours and called for the fire brigade. Returning to the house, he attempted to go to his parents' rescue, but the staircase collapsed.

Father and neighbours held a blanket in the front garden and called to the elderly couple to jump from the bedroom window.

Mrs. Goddard jumped first, but in falling struck the fencing and fractured her ribs. Mr. Goddard landed without injury.

BRITISH SHIP SEIZED.

Hull Trawler Taken to Murmansk on Illegal Fishing Charge.

News has been received in London of the arrest by a Russian gunboat on March 31 of the British trawler *James Johnson*, which was intercepted near Sea Island and taken to Murmansk, 150 miles north.

The trawler, says a Hull message, was arrested on a charge of illegal fishing on the Murmansk coast. The vessel is owned by Mr. Johnson, of Scarborough, but is worked by a Hull crew.

The British light cruiser *Godetia*, dispatched to the Murmansk coast to protect British trawlers fishing there, took up her duties the day after the trawler's arrest.

WASHED OFF THE "PROM."

English Woman and an American Rescue Seven Drowning Children.

PARIS, Tuesday.

A gigantic wave swept the crowded promenade at Biarritz last night, carrying seven children into the sea.

An English woman and an American dashed into the water and brought the little ones ashore.—Exchange.

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LIQUID GRATE POLISH.

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ARE YOU NERVOUS
TIMIDITY, BLUSHING
DO YOU OFTEN STAY AT HOME

—and think how you would like to meet people, go to social gatherings and really enjoy yourself, but are deterred from doing so by feelings of timidity and nervousness, Shyness, Blushing? A fatal handicap if you are ambitious. STOP! NOW is your opportunity to get the secret—Simple Home Cure in 10 days for ALL Nerve and Heart Weakness, Palpitations, Blushing, Shyness, etc., etc., Not only Physical Sensations, etc., Depression. The Cure is very simple. No auto-suggestion or drill. Write to-day, for full particulars and free sample of Linseed Compound. Mark.

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for COUGHS & COLDS

Dyspeptic Sleepless Depressed

Successful Treatment of Severe Neurasthenia.

Mr. Green experienced a sudden and severe collapse. Neurasthenia developed and he suffered terribly from sleeplessness, indigestion and depression. However, as his signed statement shows, Dr. Cassell's Tablets have restored him to perfect health and strength.

Mr. Green's Signed Statement

Mr. J. Green, 35, Higher Parr Street, St. Helens, says:—"I am a practical watermaker, and as a result of the strain of the war and overwork, I suffered a sudden collapse. I was dead more than alive. I can't describe my state of depression, but I felt as though my doom were sealed. Strength I had none, nor appetite, and my nerves were in a terribly weak state. I suffered from sleeplessness, indigestion, associated with pain and sickness, and I was so low-spirited that a funeral passing set my heart palpitating. I took plenty of medicine, but no good resulted. Then I started with Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and after a time began to feel better and brighter. My appetite improved. I pulled up lost weight, and now I am as fit and strong as ever I was in my life."



Mr. J. Green.

TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME,

and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

*The Universal Remedy for
Nervousness, Anxiety,
Breakdown, Paroxysm,
Neuritis, Indigestion,
Sleeplessness, Neurasthenia,
Children's Nerve Pains
Weakness, Headache, Wasting,
Specially Valuable for Nursing
Mothers and During the Critical
Periods of Life.*

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Prices 1/3 and 3/-.
Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

Buy FLAVOUR- at its lowest price

WHEN you buy sauce you are really buying flavour—flavour to make food more enjoyable, flavour to make more tempting meals.

When you buy the big 9d. bottle of

Yorkshire Relish

you actually obtain 2,400 drops of concentrated flavour. In no other way can you buy so much flavour for so little money—really the 9d. you spend is returned to you twenty times over in the better meals you and your family get. Ask your grocer for a bottle of Yorkshire Relish to-day—9d.

GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & CO., LEEDS

Wash-tub disappointments are unknown with white Tarantulle. The new range of dainty, indelible colors offers the same dependable service. Name always on every yard of Selvedge.

TARANTULLE

THE WORLD'S ACCEPTED COTTON LINGERIE FABRIC

White: Standard 1/9, Fine 2/3, Superfine 2/9.

Colors: Fine Weight only, 2/6 per yard.

All 40 inches wide. A Tootal line.

PATTERNS FREE from Tootals, Dept. C20,
32, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.



Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1923.

HELP THE FARMER!

THE CASE FOR GOVERNMENT AID TO AGRICULTURE.

THE Government's attitude towards the grave agricultural crisis in the Eastern Counties is apparently the same as that it has chosen to adopt in face of all other difficult problems of the moment.

It is "benevolently impotent." It is vaguely sympathetic all round. But it manifests no intention to do anything, because it is afraid there is nothing to be done.

Perhaps we are meant to regard this as an application of the election doctrine of "tranquillity."

Unfortunately you do not secure tranquillity by sitting quite still and remarking that "it can't be helped."

The very point about the trouble in Norfolk is indeed that it *can* be helped and that it *should* be helped without delay, if grave harm is not to result before the autumn.

Things are not "tranquil" in Norfolk. Governments need not look for trouble abroad. But they should at least have a policy for dealing with it when it arises at home.

The Norfolk strike is clearly one of those cases when neither side is pressing exorbitant demands.

The labourers on whose hard physical toil so much of the health of the nation depends cannot be expected to work on a pittance far less than that accorded to the worst-paid city employee.

The farmers on the other hand have long been striving in vain to keep their heads above water.

In many cases they bought and stocked their farms in a period of inflated prices. Since then they have seen a progressive depreciation in the market value of their produce. For them, as for all of us, taxation is a heavy burden. The farmer's expenses are continually in excess of his receipts.

Yet obviously agriculture is a national industry. Our home-grown food supplies are a vital necessity. The war gave us there a warning no one should have forgotten. The policy of the future is to encourage, not to decrease, the area of land under cultivation. Yet now we are threatened with a great diminution of wheat growing and a consequent further dependence upon foreign supplies.

That in turn means huge payments for imported footstuffs and a sense of deep insecurity in the event of their curtailment by troubled world conditions.

In these circumstances we heartily associate ourselves with the demand that the Government should *help in time*. An immediate bonus, not exceeding 2s. a bushel, on wheat would enable the farming industry to tide over the crisis.

We cannot understand the hesitation to grant this relief in a Government that thinks nothing of squandering millions in the effort to make Eastern deserts bloom for the benefit of Arabs.

SALARIES AND TAXES.

IT was stated yesterday that a man sued for non-payment of income tax had applied for a reduction of salary.

Perhaps not so uncommon a case as you may suppose! For there are many simple folk who yearn to sink into the care-free class "below the exemption limit." The more you earn, the more they take from you! —hard financial fact that is really a discouragement to "earning."

Perhaps the Chancellor of the Exchequer will kindly take note in time.

Sir Robert Horne, whose excessive estimates have resulted in the present surplus, suggests that it should be devoted in part at least to the help of those who are driven to earn less in order that they may have less to pay. Never mind if special legislation is necessary for this unconventional policy! The taxpayer expects relief.

W. M.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

The Coming Budget—Liberals Unite!—The Decline of Family Life—Club Bores—Holiday Rest.

OVERTAXATION.

TRUE, it is that our surplus goes automatically to the redemption of debt.

But the fact that there is such a surplus shows that we have been overtaxed. "Our budgets are rich because our taxpayers are poor." The case for a further reduced income-tax is clear.

Richmond.

L. L. T.

LIBERAL REUNION.

YOUR suggestion about Liberal Reunion is well-timed. The rank and file are tired of quarrels.

The only solution is for the rival leaders to stand aside and let some third man reconcile the party.

A GENUINE LIBERAL.

THE RESTFUL HOLIDAY.

YOUR correspondent, "F. G. W. G.", must be rather lazy. Instead of resting in bed he should have been up early and out in the country to fill his lungs with pure air, rather than breathe the stifling atmosphere of London, with all its crowds of sightseers.

Nearly every morning during the holidays the weather was exceptionally bright and warm, and it was my ambition to get up and rush off to

FAMILY LIFE.

VERY possibly family life is declining because of the lack of sympathy between the old and the young.

There is no idea amongst the young of any right the older people have to guard their comings and goings. Any interference is always regarded as a "tyranny." Parents therefore sink

"I NEED A REST": No. 7.—A DAY'S GOLF AT EASTER.



This, too, turns out to be rather more crowded than restful!

back upon themselves and give up trying to enter into the amusements of the young, who therefore prefer to take their holidays apart from the family.

ONE OF SIX.

Ramsgate.

some seaside or country place. I craved for a walk across the downs of Sussex, and to feel the brisk air in the Beachy Head area, but alas, through lack of means, I had to be content to sit in my garden in a deck chair and read novels.

A. B. B.

Wimbledon.

SILENT CLUBS.

MANY of your readers who belong to clubs seem to find them homes of seclusion and rest—in fact, modern equivalents of the medieval monasteries.

For me, however, I can never enter my club without being addressed by some bore, and held for a long while in conversation about politics.

Will those who have silent clubs kindly give me their addresses, or perhaps propose me for the happy retreats in question?

A BORED CLUBMAN.

MASTER OR MISTRESS?

WOMEN should certainly never be appointed to teach in boys' schools. They have little influence over growing schoolboys, and are invariably "ragged" by them.

I remember looking over a school during the war where nearly all the teachers were women, and I was struck by the rudeness of most of the scholars towards their teacher. I wonder what would treat going to school as a "boycast." They would eat sweets, write notes on scraps of paper, throw books at one another and so on.

Women teachers like to call little schoolgirls by their Christian names, smack them very gently on the hand for punishment and give sweets to the best behaved child, etc.

Such kindly treatment would hardly be suited to boys!

OBSERVANT.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 3.—Lavender is found in most gardens, but this beautiful shrub deserves to be more thickly cultivated. A lavender hedge is a delightful feature and the grey foliage makes a charming background to red roses; therefore, let lavender be often seen in the rose garden.

Lavender does well in ordinary soil, but one that is fairly light suits it best. The bushes may now be planted and it is wise to cut them back after flowering if they are to be kept from becoming straggly. Cuttings may be inserted in sandy soil during the late summer.

E. F. T.

SHOULD WE CHOOSE OUR OWN CAREERS?

PARENTS AS THE BEST GUIDES TO A PROFESSION.

By ALAN HARRIS.

SELF-DETERMINATION for children has lately become a sort of religion, and the idea of parents choosing their children's careers sounds almost blasphemous to modern ears. Several educational authorities have lately expressed that point of view. "Children must choose for themselves!"

A child (these wiseacres go on) should be allowed to develop on the lines of his own individuality, and to choose the career for which his abilities suit it.

This would be very well in a well-regulated world; but, as it is, "openings" are governed by very complicated conditions, and there does not seem to be any law in these matters by which demand follows supply.

The unpleasant truth has to be faced that many children are forced, in the end, to work which is neither congenial nor particularly suitable to them. And things seem to be getting worse in this respect, especially for the "professional" classes.

For many of these children it would have been better had they been moulded in a definite pattern from an early age.

There is nothing to be gained by a superstitious reverence for *liberty* as such.

Parents may misunderstand their children, but they have a good chance of estimating the conditions which are going to mould their children's professional prospects.

This principle is not, of course, to be applied in a ruthless way.

Where a child shows a very marked special gift at an early age, it is better to give it every encouragement to develop, even at some slight economic risk; for in such cases nothing is more miserable than suppression.

THE "MOULDING" PROCESS.

But the majority of children have no such dominant talent.

For these it may often be best to bring up to some definite and assured pattern, for instance, their father's business.

Otherwise they may simply drift into the idea that they want to adopt *professions* which is either hopelessly overcrowded or unsuited to their positions.

Fear of responsibility no doubt makes many parents leave their children a free choice. Modern children are open to criticism, and their parents are afraid of being blamed in case of failure. For this reason it is important that the moulding process should go on imperceptibly, which means starting at an early age.

This may seem a rather cynical plan, and perhaps possibilities would occasionally be wasted. But are the few successes of the haphazard system worth its many failures? "Arranged" careers, like arranged marriages, conduct to a higher general level of contentment.

Present conditions at the Bar are an excellent illustration.

It is one of the most overcrowded of the professions, as was shown the other day by the rush of applications for the very moderately-paid post of magistrate in a small island near the West Indies.

Most briefless barristers would have been equally suitable for other professions where the chance of success is much greater, if they had been "caught" young enough.

By Appointment.

SEND YOUR CARPETS TO PULLAR'S

PULLAR'S process ensures thorough cleaning on both sides. All embedded dirt and unsightly stains are removed, and the fibres thoroughly restored.

Bedding and curtains are cleaned and dyed without shrinking, and shrinkage avoided.

Patterned carpets can be dyed self colour to match window hangings.

Send to any Pullar Branch or Agents, or post direct to Perth, the seat of clean and lasting experience. Pullar's advise you of the cost of cleaning and pay return postage.

Pullars of Perth
CLEANERS & DYERS



The Parisienne motors enwrapped in a lace shawl that gives the Egyptian touch.

A CHEAP LUXURY. A RECOMPENSE FOR THE ECONOMIES OF THE NEW POOR.

WITH the many labour-saving devices invented to come to the aid of the housewife, the washing of fragile garments at home is daily becoming more universal. The laundry high charges have driven the "New Poor" to the washtub!

There are advantages for undertaking the labour; the obvious one is that your "dainties" are not torn or lost. But there is another that appeals to all women—a faint, delicate odour of perfume. The saturation of handkerchiefs with strong scent is abhorred by women of good taste, but the aroma that just makes itself known in an undefinable manner is dear to the female heart.

It is so easy when washing to attain this delight. Procure an ounce or so of essential oil from the chemist, the perfume you prefer. Violet oil is very hard to procure, and expensive; Geranium is delicious, and so strong that a mere drop is needed, but that istoo, on the dear side. Lavender—beloved of all—is much cheaper, and the refreshing—economically strong—is the cheapest of all.

Insert the bottle a sprinkler-top. When washing delicate lingerie, or handkerchiefs, use good white Windsor, castile or flaked soap, an sprinkle this soap with the oil when making up the lather. Wash in this scented lather. When it comes to rinsing, shake a little scented oil into each rinsing. The extra expense of using this sweet perfumed oil hardly makes itself felt, and the result is very luxurious. A shake of the sprinkler-topped bottle into a hot bath, and then to don the fragrantly-washed, clean lingerie is one of the most comforting things to an over-tired person.

RENOVATION HINTS. THIS YEAR'S FASHIONS MAKE THEM EASIER THAN USUAL.

MADAME La Mode has been kind to us this year!

The actual shape of our frocks have not altered much—and new ideas on an old basis can easily make your last year's river or garden party gown unrecognisable — or nearly!

The kerchief, of course, is a boon, and so is the berthe. You can get rid of your sleeves and disguise the fact that the bodice was cut to include them by a fascinating berthe of lace or net or georgette. If you want to keep your sleeves, trim them to match the berthe.

Then there is the craze for an inserted a corded nipped panel of vivid hue in the side of a plain "trotter" frock. Just a line of the same colour at the

You can transform a last year's blouse by a lace-edged berthe and lace-trimmed sleeves.

frock. Just a line of the back completes the scheme.

Dream Hats and Reality A HOPE THAT IS SELDOM REALISED.

EVERY woman feels that some day she will find the dream hat. It may be waiting just round the corner in some shop yet undiscovered. Or it may be that the quest will go on for weeks, or months, or years.

But one day she will find the hat which will make life a roseate thing until it wears out or becomes old-fashioned. Under the brim of it her eyes will shine like stars. Her whole being will radiate charm.

A decent balance at the bank gives a comfortable air of assurance to many men. Silk stockings—not the half and half sort—bring a blissful sense of well-being to most women. But nothing can give the same poise as the dream hat. To wear it is to be a success.

"How well you are looking to-day!" your friends say. You know that it is the hat.

All the same, you are well. No one could be ill in the dream hat.

It conjures up thoughts of soft music, scents of flowers shaded lights, and the spring.

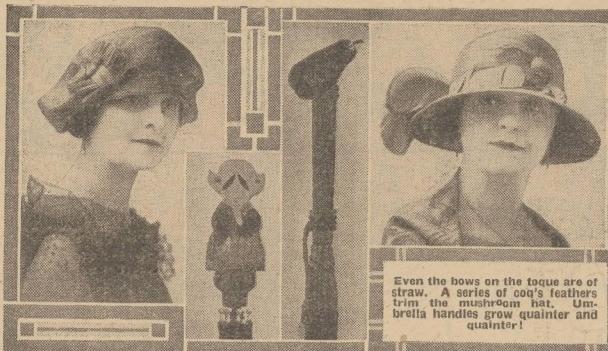
What may not one accomplish in such a hat! What adventures may not happen.

The hat must be subtle in conception. It must have enough colour to bring out the light in your eyes, but not too much to deaden the colour of your hair. The lines must be good and accord with the contour of your face. Light and fanciful, there must be in it a hint of something a little provocative, a fantasy one could never associate with jet and bugles. And it must be different from those worn by your friends, yet resemble them sufficiently to assure the observer that the hat is the product of an up-to-date salon.

It must be a hat that eludes definition—that cannot be described in plain English, but needs a French phrase or two to explain it—and then is only half explained.

But where is the dream hat? Ah, if one only knew! Somehow it still eludes one's search. Time is getting on. A hat you must have for springtime, and so you must be content with the second best. But this time, and this time only.

Next time you will find the dream hat.



Even the bows on the toque are of straw. A series of con's feathers trim the mushroom hat. Umbrella handles grow quainter and quainter!

LIFT UP YOUR EYES. YOU'LL FIND IT CURES DEPRESSION.

THE old psalmist was talking real common sense—as so many of the prophets did—when he sang, "Lift up your eyes unto the everlasting hills."

We modern people are too fond of keeping our eyes on the ground and, if we are town dwellers, we miss a lot of beauty as well as doing an injustice to our sight.

There is beauty in chimney pots—London chimney pots, at any rate, since they are of every shape and size and cut the sky line into fantastic patterns. And the glimpses of sky between the roofs is often a thing of rare delight. In any broad thoroughfare it is possible to practise looking at things a long way off; if you never do this you soon lose the long-distance sight of the savage.

And looking upward, if only because lifting your chin straightens your chest and lets more air into your lungs, is a cure for "the hump." Try it!

THOSE OPEN WINDOWS. SOLVING THE SMUT DIFFICULTY.

If you are a town dweller, you probably find great difficulty in making your servant keep the windows open. If you have had to keep the house clean yourself you'll understand why.

It's smuts, blacks, dust—but, above all, smuts.

They will come in with the town air, and fall on clean paint and bright cretonne! And when they are wiped off with the ordinary duster they leave a smear of grease!

You can prevent their entry, however, if you get your carpenter to make a frame of three-ply wood and cover it with butter muslin—which can be dyed, of course, any colour you please. The frame can be hung against the opening, and will keep out all the blacks and most of the dust.

When you have windows open at the top the muslin can just be fixed with large drawing pins.

THE GARDEN HOUSE TO-DAY. NEW NOTIONS FOR THE OPEN-AIR LIFE.

THE garden house to-day is a very different affair from the "summer house" of years ago, which was a draughty and leaky,

furniture, a built-in cupboard, to hold materials for tea-making, a table on which you may work if you feel inclined—all these go in the modern summer house, if its owners have a utilitarian mind.



Sliding doors and a curtained window are features of the new summer house.

facilities for work ought to invade the summer house is a problem each must solve for herself. Perhaps a divan, plenty of cushions and no other furniture is best, since in a garden other growths than those in the vegetable world should happen—grows of the soul that solitude encourages and growths of understanding that leisure alone can bring about. Work in a garden should be of the manual variety only.



And adopts an Egyptian draping for her lovely evening wrap.

SILK STOCKINGS.

DO YOU KNOW HOW TO PROLONG THEIR UTILITY?

SILK stockings are a luxury which most women permit themselves nowadays, but, as I heard a girl complaining the other day, "They are expensive, not because of their price, but because there is so little wear in them."

But of course you won't get service out of even a good pair of silk stockings if you don't take proper care of them. So many girls are careless in the way they put on and take off their stockings. The safest way to put on delicate stockings is to turn them inside out and fold back the toe, then gently pull them up. In taking them off don't tug at them; roll them gently down the leg.

Never put a pair of silk stockings away in a drawer after you have worn them once. Hang them up to air; even the slightest moisture from the foot left to dry into the silk rots it.

When washing them have the water warm and sudsy, with a teaspoonful of ammonia added. Don't rub the stockings; squeeze them well in the soapy water and rinse in warm clear water, to which a touch of ammonia has been added; squeeze them as dry as possible, then hang them up, if possible in the open air, but wherever you hang them pull the sides of the foot gently apart, so that the air can get into it. The best way to iron silk stockings is to put the hand down the inside, drawing it away before the iron; this avoids creases forming down the sides.

Keep silk stockings carefully mended; a thin place or the slightest thread caught means a ladder before you know what has happened.

The advantage of having really good silk stockings is that they will stand reboiling later on; round about five shillings is the usual charge for this.

KITCHEN PRIDE.

NEATNESS FOR ALMOST NOTHING.



THE kitchen, said a wise woman once, is the key to the house. It is true, too. The housewife who takes a pride in her kitchen will probably be "house-proud" to good purpose.

But handsome kitchen receptacles cost money. Perhaps you cannot afford a row of spotless white jars with neat black lettering for your cereals and tea and coffee and other "dry" goods. It does not matter. A few quite ordinary glass jars with lids or some tins and bottles can be transformed with a little patience and eighteen-pence worth of aluminium paint. If you paint ordinary tins with it they will not rust. Then in your best script writing, put "Tea" or "Coffee" or "Rice" across in black enamel.

Stockings should be of the same colour as the jars, and the labels should be pasted on with a thin wash of white paint. If you paint ordinary tins with it they will not rust. Then in your best script writing, put "Tea" or "Coffee" or "Rice" across in black enamel.



Lord Dynevor is among the Easter visitors to Eastbourne.



Lady Greville, with her family, has gone to Cannes.

ELASTIC EASTER.

Notes from Paris—Tree-top Wireless—Heir to Millions.

THE CITY WAS ONLY half-full yesterday. There is a tendency to make Easter an elastic holiday, and a great many business people have been tempted by the sunshine to remain out of town for some days longer. The benefit of the holiday has in numerous cases been counteracted by a curious epidemic of colds, which may, as some suggest, be due to the visit of a germ, but is more likely to be due to injudicious casting of cloths."

Aerial in Crow's Nest.

There has been great wireless activity during Easter. Many people spent the holiday experimenting with their sets, and I myself came across some odd manifestations of the craze. At Maidenhurst, for instance, Lord Mandeville was up at the very top of a tall tree with an aerial trying to "pick up" Glasgow. Mr. Davy Burnaby was on the ground waiting to pick up his lordship should the crow's nest, which was composed of very slender branches, suddenly collapse.

To-day's Wedding.

The Duchess of Grafton will hold the reception at Euston Hall after the wedding to-day of the Hon. Isolde Borthwick and Captain George Cooper at the Church of St. Genevieve, Euston. Madonna lilies, I am told, will form a novel girdle to the bride's white gown.

Wedding Gown Fashion.

There is much speculation, I hear, as to what Miss Alethea Langdale will wear at her wedding to Lord Manton—which has been postponed from the 10th to the 18th of this month. Her sister, when she married Lord Fitzalan's son, was daring enough to wear an entire golden get-up, bridal veil included! It was very gorgeous, but just a little unbridal!

At Reigate Priory.

Lord and Lady Beatty are back at Hanover Lodge after having spent Easter at Reigate Priory, where they had Sir Archibald and Lady Edmonstone and Mr. Charles Edmonstone and his fiancée, Miss Field, staying with them. Reigate Priory used to belong to the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville before she bought Polesden Lacey, the late Sir Clinton Dawkins' pretty place, which lies between Bookham, Leatherhead and Dorking.

Shakespeare Revised!

I hear that M. Lunacharsky, the Soviet Minister of Fine Arts, has undertaken to revise the works of Shakespeare, in order to "dethrone the idol of bourgeois literature." I have no difficulty in believing that students who read our national poet's works in that revised version, whether they belong to the bourgeoisie or not, will find it hard to understand why they have been so admired.

Richest Baronet.

On April 28 Sir John and Lady Ramsden's elder son, Mr. John Ramsden, is twenty-one. He is heir to vast wealth, Sir John Ramsden probably being the richest baronet in the kingdom. Certainly his grandfather, the late Sir John, possessed this distinction. The Ramsdens have very extensive estates in several English counties, not to mention a big area in the Highlands, including Ardyne, a splendid deer forest.

Land Lord.

The family's favorite residence is Bulstrode Park, Bucks, which Sir John inherited from his mother, Lady Guen-dolen, an heiress daughter of the twelfth Duke of Somerset. Sir John owned a large part of the land upon which Huddersfield is built, but he sold it for about £1,300,000, and on the principle of "to him that hath" the last Lord Muncaster left him in 1917 Muncaster Castle and estates in Cumberland.



Lady Ramsden.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

Duchess Without "Frills."

The Duke and Duchess of Abercorn are at their Irish seat in Co. Tyrone just now. They are a most popular couple in that part of the Emerald Isle, for the Duke is a genial person, and his Duchess has no "frills" on her. Their daughter Katherine is to be one of Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon's bridesmaids.

Loss to Wales.

The death of Lady Llangattock robs Wales of one of its most interesting personalities, a most generous benefactor to all charitable organisations. Although not of Welsh extraction, Lady Llangattock threw her wonderful energies into the Welsh Crafts school movement, which she pioneered from small beginnings to great successes. She also took great interest in Welsh folk songs.

Lullenden.

Lady Ian Hamilton is off to Hyères. Her health is now much better, and it is hoped she will be able to put in some time this season at her artistic home in Hyde Park-gardens. Sir Ian is very partial to his country home, where he does a good deal of farming. It rejoices in the peaceful and restful name of Lullenden, Dormansland—and used to belong to Mr. Winston Churchill.

"Love Lyrics" Film.

Mr. Owen Nares' next film appearance will be in a picture based on the "Indian Love Lyrics," in which he plays the part of a Prince Zazarin. The heroine will be Miss Malvina Longfellow. For accurate "local colour" extensive researches have been made in the Indian department of the South Kensington

Museum. The famed lady with "pale hands pink tipped" is to be the "vamp" of the story.

Dickens in Curtains.

On Sunday next at the King's Hall the Interlude Players will give a new version of "Nicholas Nickleby," and it will have the novelty of being presented without

scenery, curtains forming the background. The cast contains such well-known people as Miss Fairbrother and Mr. H. A. Saintsbury. The performance is designed to benefit the Kinema Club.

Parcels for the Ruhr.

Although he is not actually at war, the French soldier on the Ruhr does not have too pleasurable a time, and already there is a movement in France (my correspondent tells me) for "godmothers" to adopt lonely soldiers. A newspaper is organising a service of weekly parcels of delicacies, and the man on the Ruhr front is to be regarded as a hero none the less because there is no fighting.

The Naked Man.

I can find a precedent for this story of a wild man wandering naked in the woods of Berkshire. Once upon a time an adventurous American undertook to spend a week in this condition, sleeping on the ground and living on roots and nuts, in the forests of Maine. He won his bet; but he vowed that all the gold in the United States would not tempt him to repeat the experience.

Art Enthusiasm.

I discovered a genuine art enthusiast among the holiday crowd of sightseers at St. Paul's Cathedral. He had been gazing fixedly for some moments at the stately retables which surmount the high altar, when, turning to his companion, he remarked, with evident appreciation: "I say, that must have cost 'em a lot of money!"

Thackeray and the Zoo.

The Zoo, which was visited by over 60,000 people on Monday, was a favourite resort of Thackeray. "If I have cares on my mind," he wrote, "I come to the Zoo, and fancy they don't pass the gate; I recognise my friends, my enemies, in countless cages."

Jock Troupe Again.

I hear that Jock Troupe, whose revivalist efforts caused something of a sensation last year, is again at work trying to start another revival. Aided by a Scottish Baptist minister, he has been partly successful in the fishing village districts, but the enthusiasm of 1922 has not yet been repeated.

Elinor Glyn "Lionised."

Elinor Glyn is back in Paris from her visit to Denmark, where she has been "lionised." She says that while she had a fine time at Copenhagen, where she had lunch with the King, she was the whole time longing for Paris, the exciting air of the French capital, she is reported as saying, being "essential" for her work.

Votes for Widows.

French suffragists are not despairing of obtaining votes for women, although the proposal was rejected by the Senate some time ago. A new proposal is being brought forward, my Paris correspondent tells me, according to which the vote would be granted to war widows only.

Dogs Beweisted?

Is the rush of modern life too much for the dog? In a single journey by road to Brighton I saw three dogs run over by cars, the driver being less at fault than the dogs, which darted suddenly from the side of the road under the wheels of the cars, which were travelling slowly. Dogs do not seem to appreciate the danger of the road.

Chatsworth House Party.

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire are entertaining a house party at Chatsworth for Easter week. Among the guests are Prince Paul of Serbia, the Marquis and Marchioness of Hartington, Lady Maud Mackintosh, the Ladies Rachel and Anne Cavendish, Lord Charles Cavendish and the Hon. Evan Baillie. The Duke and Duchess, with the house party, attended the Flagg Steeplechases yesterday.

"No Place Like Home."

Lord Loreburn, who celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday yesterday, cherishes a warm affection for the parish of Monswald, in Dumfriesshire, with which his family have been connected for many generations. "I can truly say," he once observed, "that there has not been one day of my life when I have been away from here that the thought of Dumfries-shire has not been in my mind."



Miss Cicely Marriott, to marry the Bishop of Derby's son at Oxford Cathedral on June 7.



The Duchess of Abercorn with the Duke, staying at their seat in Co. Tyrone.

"Fashionable" Ambassador.

Mme. Merry del Val has returned from her visit to Spain and with the Spanish Ambassador has been passing Easter with Lord and Lady Islington at Rushbrooke Hall. The Merry del Vals are the most "fashionable" among the Corps Diplomatique, and there is no party complete without them; the Spanish Ambassador appears to go everywhere, and attends everything from private views to lectures on almost any subject—and is an excellent after-dinner speaker himself.

Table Tennis Boom.

The table tennis world is having an orgy of contests just now. To-night and to-morrow night the official championships of the Table Tennis Association will be held at the Stadium Club, by permission of the management. To-night's contests will be witnessed by the experts only, but to-morrow the public will be admitted by ticket. These matches are, of course, quite distinct from *The Daily Mirror* Championships.

British Professor for Harvard.

I understand that Sir Harold Stiles, Professor of Clinical Surgery in Edinburgh University, is now on his way to Boston to take the place for a fortnight of Dr. Harvey Cushing, Professor of Surgery at Harvard University. Dr. Cushing is generally recognised as the leading neurological surgeon, and he has 170 beds under his care at this famous school of surgery. The visit may prove a precedent for subsequent exchanges between the medical schools of the two countries. Sir Harold Stiles is a native of Spalding.

THE RAMBLER.

Good Health means Good Looks

ROSY cheeks, clear skin, bright eyes—these are the sure signs of health. You can always see fitness and joy of life reflected in beautiful smiling faces.

Hall's Wine brings Health and Beauty

If your blood is poor, and your nerves are "strung up" your looks will suffer. You need Hall's Wine. Begin to take this great tonic now and you will be surprised how soon you will feel well—and look well.

Doctors know the value of Hall's Wine from experience. They show their confidence in it by using it themselves.

Hall's Wine

THE SUPREME TONIC RESTORATIVE

Read what doctors say:



"I prescribe Hall's Wine whenever I can; it is the most dependable restorative we have."

"I have found Hall's Wine particularly efficacious in nerve weakness and general weakness."

Large Size Bottle 6/- Smaller Size 3/3

Of Wine Merchants & Licensed Grocers & Chemists.

STEPHEN SMITH & COMPANY, LIMITED, BOW, LONDON, E.3

PRINCESS MARY PRESENTS GOLD CUP

TITLED JOCKEY

NEW CAM



Princess Mary presents to Mr. Henrichsen the gold cup for the champion of the Doncaster Hackney Show. She and Lord Lascelles (left) spent some time on the ground yesterday.



Mrs. Maitland, who won the championship and a first prize for driving, pins on her badge in the ring.



Miss Fletcher driving Angram Express, a fine mover, in the novice class.



AN ADOPTION.—A Somers Town cat, which has made a pet of the chicken, sharing its basket. Both parties highly approve the arrangement; as it would appear.—*(Daily Mirror.)*



HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER.—Mr. Otto Wagner, who is five feet six inches in height, with his daughter, Miss "Londy" Wagner, who at twenty-three years of age has attained an altitude of seven feet four inches.



Sir Wilfrid Lawson (left), who rode his own horse, Applejack II., and finished fourth in the Hunts Challenge Cup at the Carlisle Steeplechases.



THE VICTOR.—How a winner looks. Williams equals school record in winning 220 yards final, first division senior at Douai School Sports, Woolhampton, near Reading. Is he happy about it?



An unconventional photo is examining the contents of a box.



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN INFLUENCES.—Left, a "Sphinx" hat in almond straw and black-cloth. Bands of cloth and straw combined give the striped effect at sides and over crown. Centre, a side view of the same model; showing the profile of the hat.

PORTRAIT

CLERGY BEATEN

BABY HAS BROKEN HIS EASTER EGG



A score in the Rugby match yesterday between the Clergy and the London Referees at Twickenham. The Referees won by eighteen points to six.



BANKRUPT?—Miss Edith Day, the actress, who has filed her petition for bankruptcy, as reported from New York. Liabilities are stated to exceed £3,000—assets understood to be about £50.

Portrait of Cardinal Logue. He is at Portadown before short holiday.



Straw and cloth appear at back and front respectively. Right, a "curled horn" address carried out in pleated golden-brown taffeta. Old Egypt is inspiring many modes just now, and these are among the most attractive.



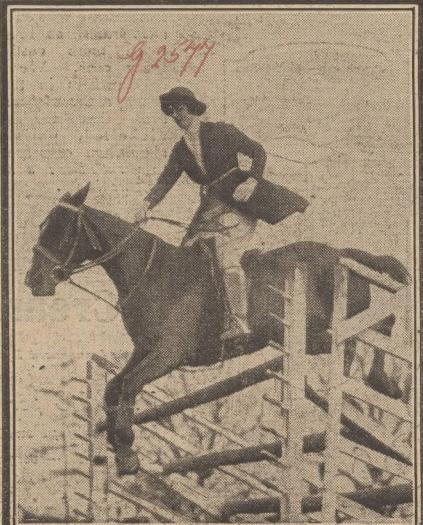
Baby makes friends with two pretty white ducks in Kew Gardens. Perhaps he has broken his Easter egg and gives offerings in hopes of another.



DEBRIS OF HOLIDAYS.—Two gardeners at the Zoo clearing up scraps of newspaper and luncheon bags left by the holiday crowds. Theirs is a long task, but one to which they are used.



HUNT STEEPELCHASE.—The Countess of Brecknock and the Hon. Charles Rhys at the Eridge Hunt Steeplechase meeting held at Steel Bridge Farm, Eridge.



Miss Kitty Price on Bunty surmounts a formidable obstacle in first-class style.



Pogo taking his mistress over the wall in the jumping competition.

WOMEN AT HORSE GYMKHANA.—Several women riders did well at the Wisborough Green and Loxwood Horse Gymkhana. This was a successful event in the Horsham district of Sussex.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ALDWYCH—(Gerr. 3224.) Ergs. 8s. 15. TONS OF MONEY. Wed. Sat. 2.30. Yvonne Arnaud, T. Walls, R. Lynn.
ADEPH—Nuggety, 8.15. Mats. Wed and Sat. at 2.30.
ADMIRALTY, **THEATRE**, Jermyn St.—MARRIAGE BY INSTALMENTS. Nightly, 8.30. Mats. Tues and Fri. at 2.30.
APRON—**THEATRE**, 8.30. Mats. Wed. Sat. Sun. 2.30.
BOOF AND FOUR WALLS—(Gerr. 3225.) IN A ROOF AND FOUR WALLS. Sun. Sat. Apr. 2. 8.30.
COMEDY—Twice Daily. Every Evening at 8.30.—"SECRETS." Wed. Sat. Sun. 2.30.
COURT, Standard, London, Queen's—Turn, etc. Sun. 2.30.
COVENT GARDEN—(Gerr. 8284.) CARTE BLANCHE. 8.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30. 2 Hobs. Odette Myrtil, Tubby Edlin.
CRITERION—(Gerr. 3224.) THE CHIEF FIELD. Ergs. 8.15. Mats. Weds. Sat. 2.30. (Gerr. 340).
CRITERION—(Ger. 3224) 8.30. Tues. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
DRAFF THOMAS—IN A DRAFF. 8.30. Tues. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
DRAFF—(Gerr. 3224) 8.30. Tues. 2.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30.
Maurice Moscovitch in ANGELO. 8.30.
DUKE OF YORK'S—Ergs. 8.30. MARIE TEMPEST. in THE MARBLE COAST. Twice Daily. 2.30 and 8.30.
EMPIRE—The New Room. THE RAINBOW. 8.30.
GENETTE—JOSE COLLIER. THE LAST WALTZ. By Oscar Straus. Ergs. 8.15. Mats. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
GARRETT—(Gerr. 9513.) Ergs. 8.30. Mats. Wed. Sat. 2.30. Comedy produced by the author.
GLOBE—Ergs. 8.30. THE LAUGHING LADY. Marie Lohr. I. sit. Fader, Violet Vanbrugh. Wed. Sat. 2.30.
H.C. E. JENNINGS—(Gerr. 3224) 8.30. MARY BANE. B.C. E. Jennings. Mats. Tu. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
HIPPODROME—2.30 and 8.15. BRIGHTEST LONDON. Douglas Lamont, Lupino Lane, Pauline Starke. Based on THE GAY LORD QUEX. Ergs. at 8.15. First Mat. Sat. at 2.30.
HIS MAJESTY'S—(Gerr. 3224) 8.30. LOVE IN PAWN. Ergs. 8.15. Mats. Th. Sat. 2.30.
LITTLE—(Regent 2401.) THE 9TH REEVUE. Every Evening. Real Mat. 8.30. Tues. 2.30.
LYCEUM—Last Week. 7.45. THE ORPHANS. "We." Thurs. Sat. 8.30. Tu. Wed. 2.30. 8.30. LILAC TIME. A Play with Music. Schubert.
LYRIC HAMMERSMITH—THE BEGGARS' OPERA. Ergs. 2.30 and 8.15. Mats. Wed and Sat. 2.30.
MARQUEE THEATRE, Oxford Circus. 3 and 8. Oswald Williams, with New Tricks.
NEW—(Reg. 3406.) 8.30. MATHEWS' KING IN THE BAD MAN. PLAYHOUSE. Gladys Cooper. "MAGDA." 8.30. Mats. Tues. and Wed. 2.30. (Gerr. 103).
PRINCE OF WALES—THE CO-OPTIMISTS. (1st Mat. New Prog. Twice Daily. at 2.30 and 8.30.
PRINCE OF WALES—THE CO-OPTIMISTS. Last Mat. prior to 2d Provincial Tour.
PRINCES—THE COUSIN FROM NOWHERE. To-day. 2.30 and 8.15. Mats. Wed and Sat. 2.30.
QUEEN'S—(Gerr. 3224) 8.30. MADGE. Madges Titheradge, Godfrey Tearle. Th. Sat. 2.30.
REGENT, King's Cross. THE IMMORTAL HOH. Sun. Sat. 8.30. Mats. Tues. Thurs. Sun. 2.30. AT MRS. BEAM'S. Dennis Eddie, Jean Caddell. Wed. Sat. 2.30.
ST. JAMES'S—(Gerr. 3224) 8.30. BOGGY O'NEILL PLUS FOURS. Mats. Every Wed and Sat. 2.30.
S. MARTIN'S—Ergs. 8.30. "THE GREAT BROPNEY." Edward Arnold. Fred. P. Dally. Wk. 8.30.
SAVOY—At 8.15. POLLY. Mats. Mon. Sat. 2.30. Transferred from Kingsway. Pitt CHATHAM.
SHAW—(Reg. 3224) 8.30. THE CAT AND THE CANARY. Wed. Sat. 2.30 and 8.15. ARTHUR BOUCHESTER. in THE CAT AND THE CANARY. Mrs. May Whitty. 8.30.
STRAND—At 2.30 and 8.15. ARTHUR BOUCHESTER. in THE CAT AND THE CANARY. Mrs. May Whitty. 8.30.
VAUDEVILLE—Ergs. 8.30. Tu. Fr. Sat. 2.30. RATS! A. Charlton's Revue. Alfred Lester, Gertrude Lawrence.
WINTER GARDEN—(Reg. 3224) 8.30. CLOVER GIRL. Nightly at 8. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2.30.
WYNDHAM'S—Gerald du Maurier in "THE DANCERS." Every Day. Nightly at 8.15. Mats. Tues. and Sat. 2.30.
ALHAMBRA—(Gerr. 5064) 8.30, 6.10, 8.45. Charles Austin, Little Tich, Jay Whidden, Power and Bendon. National.
COLISEUM—(Gerr. 7501) 8.30, 7.45. The Blue Parrot. Gracie Christie etc.
GOLDERS GREEN HIPPODROME—The Merry Widow. 7.45. Mats. Sat. 2.30.
LONDON ST. LION—(Reg. 3224) 8.30. Sun. 2.30. Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood. Last Two Weeks.
PALLADIUM—2.30. 8.30. Leonora. Four Pounds, 8.30. Kyril Baker. George Bassett.
NEW GALLERY, Regent-st.—Harold Lloyd in "Grandma's Boy." The Prince There Was. 8.30. Mats. Tues. and Sat. 2.30.
OXFORD—G. W. Griffith's "ONCE EXCITING NIGHT." Sun. 7.30. NEW SCALAR. Ergs. 8.30. Tues. and Sat. 2.30. Sun. 7.30. Story of the GREAT. Romantic Love Story.
ALACE THEATRE—(Gerr. 6234) LAURETTE TAYLOR in PEGGY REIGHT. Daily. 2.45, 8.30. Sun. 7.45.
ALHAMBRA—(Reg. 3224) 8.30. Sun. 7.45. M. M. in "PASHION PLAY"; also "WILDEST LEAF." 8.15.
LY CINEMA, Oxford-st.—Douglas Fairbanks. Three Stories. 8.30. Sun. 7.45. M. M. in "PASHION PLAY".
ALL PICTURE THEATRE, Kingsway. 1.45 to 10.30. Harold Lloyd and "Soldiers of Fortune" etc.
ROYAL—(Reg. 3224) 8.30. The Young Grand National, caplin in "A Day's Pleasure." 2.45.
PERSONAL.

OLD Highgate Green meet X who sitting next tube Thursday evening alighted Tunstall Park, address "Waiting," G.P.O.
SUPERFLUOUS hair permanently removed from face with electric shaver—Miss Florence Wood, 23 Granville-gardens, Shepherd's Bush, W.12. Min. Tube.
SUPERFLUOUS Hair cured by original method, oil or wine; home treatment; 12s. 6d. sample, 2s.—Helen Lawrence, 187 Kennington High-st.

THE DANCING WHIST DRIVES, ETC.
KING'S HALL, Shepherd's Bush—Dancing. 7.30-11.30. 2s., Sat. 8s.; open 6th April. 7.30.
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

CHAR. STILES AND CO.—Pianos by high-grade makers. A new and second-hand, for sale, hire or hire-purchase: Inspection 7.30-11.30. 74-76, Southampton Row, W.C.1. Phone Muswell 426.
PIANO Bargains, new and second-hand; best makes from £12 monthly—Parkers 187, Bishopsgate.

AVIARIES, POULTRY AND PETS.
AMERICAN Grey Parrot (talking) 87 lbs.; Amazon Parrot (talking) 12 lbs.; King Parrot 12 lbs.; Lovebird and Cages from 40s.; Singing Canaries from 15s.; list free. Chapman's 17, Tottenham Court-road, London.

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DRAMATIC DEATH OF MILLIONAIRE'S WIFE.

Inquest Story of Seizure in West End Hotel.

HUSBAND ABROAD.

The mysterious death at the Hotel Cecil of Mrs. Jessie May Mellon Bowie, wife of a millionaire, was explained at the inquest yesterday, when a verdict of Natural causes was returned.

Mr. Francis Gardiner Leader, a rubber planter, of Holbein-street, Chelsea, said he was a friend of Mrs. Bowie, who was the wife of Mr. Allan Bowie, of Vine, San Francisco.

Mr. Leader said he last saw Mrs. Bowie in 1912. He had a letter from her on Friday. He believed that she arrived in England on March 14. She asked him to go to see her at the Hotel Cecil.

He telephoned to her on Sunday morning to make arrangements to go to see her, but she was dead. She was about sixty years of age.

Dr. G. Hazlett, of St. James's-square, said he saw Mrs. Bowie on Friday night, at ten o'clock, when she was in bed.

IN STATE OF COLLAPSE.

She was suffering great pain in the upper part of the chest, which had commenced in the afternoon, but had improved so that she was able to partake of dinner. He examined her, and prescribed for the pain. The pain, he was told, was called acute myocardial pain, and found her in a state of collapse, and in a desperate condition.

He called in Sir Humphrey Rolls, specialist. She died at 12.40 on Saturday midday. She had smoked a quantity of cigarettes, but he found no drugs about.

Dr. Henry Brightwate, who made a post-mortem examination, said the dead woman's heart weighed 500 grammes, and was affected.

The coroner (Dr. Ingleby Oddie) said the post-mortem examination showed that it was a perfectly natural death.

The woman was suffering from disease and degeneration of the heart, and death was due to syncope and angina pectoris.

NEW HATS FOR OLD.

Hints for Spring That Every Woman Should Follow.

When the sun shines every woman wants a new hat. Luckily, even the hard-up can gratify this wish since the new straw hat dye, Colorite, is made of six fine colours, is waterproof, easily used and transforms last year's hats.

The new hats of Canton straw, called Q.P. 33, are fitted with a deep lining and a draw-string, so that they fit any head. Pheasant is among the many colours.

As boat frocks are still indispensable the useful braided frocks of all wool serge with marcasine vest, which D. H. Evans are selling this week at 35s. per pair, are a bargain.

A simple way to relieve those certain parts of the brain can be adopted without any pain being felt—they have no nerve-endings. In every-day practice, he adds in his article in the "Medical Press," he has found genipin the most trustworthy pain reliever.

AN OBLIGING BOY.

Ready to Help Man Who Asked for Soul Insurance.

"Too much is made of a pupil who can get four sums right. The boy of intelligence is much to be admired."

Said Mr. J. Kay, of Liverpool, speaking yesterday in London at the Schoolmasters' Conference.

He told of a London office boy who was transferred to a Liverpool insurance office. The boy, approached in the office one day by a funeral person, asked the stranger what he could do for him in the way of insurance—life, annuities, fire or anything else.

Can you insure the immortal soul?" mysteriously asked the stranger. "I am not quite certain," replied the youth, "but if you will take a seat I will ask the manager of the fire department." Such a boy would go far, commented Mr. Kay.

PRETTY GRAVES WISH.

Woman's £1,000 Conditional Bequest to Vicar.

Subject to flowers being planted on the graves of her family at least twice in every year, and the keeping in good order of the tombstones, Miss Catherine Flower, Norfolk Crescent, Hyde Park, left £1,000 to the vicar and churchwardens of St. Michael and All Angels, Star-street, Edgware-road, N.W., for the upkeep and expenses of the church.

Miss Flower, who left estate valued at £12,779, bequeathed £1,000 to Brabazon Home, Regent's Park, to endow a bed, and £500 to Martha Ann Innes, the lady superintendent of the home.

'PLANE TALE FROM THE HILLS.'

An aeroplane has had to make a forced landing at Dardoni as the result of striking a vulnerability, says the Pioneer's frontier correspondent (quoted in a Reuter telegram from Allahabad).

RADIO DRAMA.

Opera Listeners-In Hear British Ship's S.O.S.

AFIRE IN MID-OCEAN.

Many thousands of radio enthusiasts in New England who were listening-in to an opera broadcast by a station in Boston on Monday night, says our New York correspondent, were suddenly cut off when S.O.S. calls came in from the British steamer City of Victoria, which was on fire in Mid-Atlantic.

In the quarter of an hour that elapsed before radio listeners were let in again on the opera, the sea messages told that the imperilled vessel was steaming full speed for Azores. She gave her position as Long. 18° 50' W., Lat. 50° 10'.

The City of Victoria (5,530 tons) left London on March 3 for San Francisco, and put in at Antwerp.

A bad fire broke out in her afterholds while she was in mid-ocean.

Latest messages state that the fire was under control, and that the ship was proceeding to St. Michael's, Azores, under her own steam.

The City of Victoria is owned by the British Canadian Steamship Company.

BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN.

Charming Types That 'Daily Mirror' Contest Has Brought to Light.

One of the most delightful features of *The Daily Mirror* £2,500 Beauty Competition is the charming examples of British childhood it has brought to light. Later in this week a further selection of such photographs will be published.

The contest is arousing the keenest interest among parents. Mothers who are proud of the beauty of their children are eager to submit them to the public judgment in comparison with the rest of the child beauties of the United Kingdom.

It may be repeated that boys under five years are eligible to compete in the junior section of the competition. There is no age limit for female competitors.

All photographs must have written on the back of them the name, age and address of the competitor, and a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed for the return of the photograph at the close of the contest. Photographs should be addressed to: "The Editor, *The Daily Mirror* Beauty Competition, 23-29, Bouvoc street, E.C. 4."

NEW LUXURY LINER.

Pompeian Bathing Pool and Oak Steps That Cost £200 Each.

The reconditioning of the giant liner Leviathan as the most luxurious and up-to-date passenger liner afloat is now nearly completed, and the task of converting her into an oil-burner has already been accomplished.

This statement was made by Mr. Homer L. Ferguson, agent of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, who hold the big contract for the equipment of the second largest ship afloat.

The Leviathan when she leaves Newport for Graving Dock on May 1, will be equipped with every modern device for the safety and comfort of passengers, including telephones communicated with the ship's wireless for connection with the liner's port.

Passengers will also be able to listen-in to programmes from the broadcasting stations.

Although the entire interior of the vessel was stripped during the war in converting her into an army transport, the original German design has not been essentially interfered with.

The Pompeian swimming pool, which was completely destroyed, has been replaced. A stage has been added to the oak-panelled social hall, and six oak steps leading to the platform made by hand costing about £200 each.

HOLIDAY TRAGEDIES.

Five People Killed in Motor Accidents—300 Sea Trippers Aground.

There was an unusual number of fatalities round Northampton during Easter-tide. Frank Parrish, a clicker, and Fred Lake, aged fourteen, were killed by motor-cars on the road to Towcester races.

Lillian, a housekeeper to a farmer at Roade, was found in a field with her throat cut, and the body of Percy Newcombe, an ex-soldier, of Cowrisham Hill, who had been missing from home since March 8, was found in the river near Earls Barton.

A Moville steamer carrying 300 excursionists from Londonderry yesterday went aground near Moville and the passengers had to be landed in small boats.

A seven-year-old boy named Gladys, the son of a Cochester hairdresser, was knocked down and killed yesterday by a motor-car driven by a lady. Another boy was killed by a motor-car near Gun Hill, Dedham.

An inquest was opened at Blyth, Northumberland, yesterday, on Ellen Robson, aged eighteen, of Stockton, who was killed in a motor-car accident.

HANGED FOR KILLING SON-IN-LAW.

Found guilty of the murder of his son-in-law at Sunderland, Daniel Cassidy, aged sixty, was hanged yesterday morning at Durham Gaol.

Happy smiles, good health revealing,
Indicate "that Kruschen feeling!"



Everybody Happy!

They're all as happy as the day is long. And for a very good reason. They have found out the secret of happiness. What is the secret of happiness?

Just good health.

What is the secret of good health? *Kruschen Salts.* And here is the simple explanation.

If you are constantly feeling depressed and "out of sorts," it is probably because your internal organs are failing to perform their functions properly. The strain of modern life, insufficient fresh air and exercise, hasty and perhaps ill-chosen meals, all tend to render the liver and kidneys inactive. The result is that impurities of all kinds collect in the body and enter the blood, weakening the whole system.

But happy Kruschen families never worry about that. Every morning they take in their breakfast cup of tea a pinch of Kruschen Salts—just as much as will lie on a sixpence. This little tasteless dose stimulates the liver and kidneys to the proper performance of their duty, thoroughly cleanses all impurities from the system, and sends clear, healthy blood streaming to every part of the body. A radiant sense of fitness thrills the whole being, banishing depression and fatigue and establishing a lasting state of cheery vigour.

Try it yourself, and know what it is to experience that glorious "Kruschen feeling." Get a 1/2 bottle to-day.

Kruschen Salts

Good Health for a Farthing a Day



Tasteless in Tea

A 1s. 9d. bottle of Kruschen Salts contains 96 doses—enough for three months—which means good health for less than a farthing a day. The dose prescribed for daily use is "as much as will lie on a sixpence," taken in the breakfast cup of tea. Every chemist sells Kruschen. Get a bottle to-day and start to-morrow.



FREE!
Try this
wonderful
antiseptic
ointment at
our expense

Send four penny stamps to cover post and packing and we will send you a generous trial tin of "Ruby Balm," the new antiseptic ointment, together with an interesting booklet.

"Ruby Balm" is an antiseptic ointment which quickly relieves sore, septic conditions and infection and at the same time soothes and heals injured flesh or tissue.

Official tests show that its pain-banishing power is of unequalled efficacy.

Strongly recommended for headaches, toothache, neuralgia, chilblains, &c.

"Ruby Balm" can be obtained at most chemists,

or direct in 1 oz. jars 1/-, or 3 oz. jars 3/- from the address below.

RUBY BALM

Try also "Ruby Balm Oil," the antiseptic emulsion for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Sprains, Bruises, etc., etc. In bottles at 1/2, 1/- and 2/-.

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Washes Without Shrinking

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None Better.

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THE WAY OF A MAN



NEW READERS BEGIN HERE.

PEGGY BECKETT is an "alone-in-London" girl, a fascinating, impulsive character who is known as the Queen of the Emporium, where she is employed. She is going to marry Archie Quilter, a young man who lives in the same private hotel in South Kensington, an establishment run by Tozer's Royal Empress. Archie and Peggy are taking a walk in Hyde Park early one spring morning when a dog attacks them and a shabby stranger comes to their rescue, which does not end in a very heroic light during the affray and takes himself off. Peggy indulges in some verbal give-and-take with the stranger and then, feeling that he is in need, gives him a ten-shilling tip.

That morning Peggy is a ringleader in a lightning strike at Quilter's. During an interview with old Adam Quilter, the proprietor, the latter hints surprisingly that once again Peggy has been unfaithful but Peggy dismisses the idea. Old Adam Quilter is a quaint character whose bark is worse than his bite, and he seems to enjoy the girl's spirited demeanour. The strike fails and Peggy is recharmed.

The shopkeeper disappears to Tozer's Royal Empress and in the drawing-room she finds Archie Dingdale and the shabby stranger in conversation. Peggy learns that Archie is a Jackal who preys on credulous girls, and dismisses her erstwhile lover with a shrug of her shoulders.

The stranger, Jack Sandiford by name, renders a service to Adam Quilter, who, deceived by his own work, appears to offer a position of permanent employment. He fails to find a working girl in London whose photograph is shown to him. It is a speaking likeness of Peggy Beckett, although the photograph is twenty years old.

Peggy finds Peggy and reports to Quilter that she is in abject poverty. The old man cackles mysteriously as he hears the news.

Actually the report is fictitious, for Peggy is making a brave fight now that she is almost penniless. She has met a divorced woman, Nan Beverley, who has known once Jack Sandiford, but Peggy is unaware of this. The two girls seek employment in their different ways.

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY.

JACK SANDIFORD, as he turned out of the backwater quietude of Bryanston-square into the evening glitter of Oxford-street, was a young man not entirely at his ease.

He grinned rather ruefully at himself. It was pleasant to think that he was tricking a vindictive old man with the neatness of a thorough-paced adventurer. But the pretence which he had used with Peggy Beckett troubled his conscience.

He had behaved like a professional private detective, tracking her from Tozer's to the wax-work shop, losing touch for a few days, and then catching her, as large as life, on the top of a bus, staring into the windows of Quilter's Emporium as he lounged in the street below.

He had boarded the bus and got inside. The chance thunderstorm had turned him to the semblance of a drowned rat, a picture for a girl's pity, and a phial of harmless aspirin tablets had been the only properties in a pretty little trick.

"She'd have cut you dead if you'd tried to make friends in the ordinary way," he muttered, "after the blow the Dugdale rascal gave her. If you're going to protect her from that old gnome, you had to get pals by hook or crook. Brave little girl!"

He forced a light note, and crossed the firefly-traffic of Piccadilly into Half Moon-street, with his hat at a happy-go-lucky angle.

A spate of hilarious young men came pouring from the portals of a club which was known as one of the more polite Bohemian haunts. They were all of them dandies. Jack Sandiford's face, as he ran into them, was fully visible in the mingled radiance of the electric arcs and a full spring moon.

"Good gracious! It's old Secker!"

A little man with a monocle scrunched up the eyes. He caught Sandiford's crumpled sleeve, laughing uproariously.

"Secker, playing either Prince Florizel or Jack in *Twelfth Night*, changed if I know which. Observe his ripe and over-blown hat, gentlemen! Discern the immaculate young author of that great Haymarket success, 'Reggie of Regent-Street,' in a pair of secondhand reading-means. Now I don't call this fair, Secker, old chap. You're a blackleg. While we other poor writing chaps are wasting our substance on riotous living, you're slouching about looking at Life."

Not a muscle of Sandiford's face had moved for a moment. But now he scowled and thrust out his chin. The change in his look was startling and admirably done.

"Let go, little 'un!" he said roughly. "And stop larking. This ain't another Armistice Night, is it?"

The rest of the young men—three or four in number—had crowded round him. One of them chuckled enjoyment.

"We're off to the Wanamaker woman's reception, Secker," he said. "She's expecting you to come and do your little roar with the rest of the lions. It'd be a fine screach if you'd come along with us as you are."

(All the characters in this story are fictitious. Translation, dramatic and all other rights reserved.)

Sandiford swung himself free. A growl left him. He was acting deliberately, coolly and audaciously.

"You parasites!" he snarled bitterly. "Ain't it bad enough for a poor sweep to be splashed all day by the mud from the motors of you an' your kind, without bein' made game of?"

"Ain't it bad enough to be sneered at by you powdered and bare-backed women and laughed at by your footmen—the traitors to the proletariat who'll be the first to swing on a lamp-post when the Revolution comes—without being made a joke of by a dressed-up monkey with a monocle screwed in his eye? I'd like to bomb the lot of you!"

"Heavens!" murmured a languid young man. "One of the Soviet! It can't be Jack Secker."

The little man peered uncertainly into Sandiford's face. Sandiford dug him in the throat with his stiffened fingers in approved Whitechapel style, making him cough his monocle out of his eye.

"See you in the first lot o' tumbrils, little 'un!" he said, with a hoarse laugh, and passed on.

Once round the corner, he quickened his footsteps until a dozen blocks of houses were between him and Half Moon-street. Then he paused to grin soberly at himself.

"You're a fit pal for that little adventure-girl, Secker!" he mused. "You take life about as seriously as she does."

His good-looking face was grave—even though with a transient uneasiness, again—as he reached his rooms, and, lest any of the gay crowd he had encountered should have followed him, entered by a half-hidden side door.

Once in his own study, his actions were swift but deliberate. He opened a small portable typewriter and carefully typed a hundred words in the style of a newspaper paragraph, accompanied by a short letter. This he sealed, and touched the bell behind him.

Todd, his man entered. Sandiford swung round in his seat.

"You're a trustworthy sort of bean, Todd," he

"Do you think girls like me never ache inside for silks and satins and motor-cars and nothing to do for ever?" cried Peggy. "We've never been used to it, I know, but we jolly soon could get used to it!"



said. "You don't mind how many lies your employer tells or what kind of clothes he wears, So listen. I went to Spain three days ago, via Paris and Biarritz, and mean to stay there for nearly a month. This is one of the news items, which will appear in most of the newspapers tomorrow, says so. I shall be back in an appearance here again until I have returned from abroad."

"Very good, sir," said Todd woodenly.

Some hours later, in the common room of a Rowton House behind Drury Lane, a young man, rather cleaner and more respectably dressed than the other men who frequented the room, sprawled easily in one of the corner seats like one who, though a bird of passage, had made himself thoroughly at home.

NAN'S WAY.

PEGGY was leaning over the table, upon which was spread that morning's newspaper. The sunlight, diluted by an indifferently-cleaned window and a twisted chimney-cowl, lit her bright hair and the lines of her throat and chin. She held a teacup in one hand and a breakfast-roll in the other.

"Entre, madame!" She pulled a face at her own French. But it was not Mme. Lupin, her landlady. It was Nan Beverley.

"Early bird!" said Peggy, dimpling. "I'm

the only worm there is here this morning, and I'm not fat enough to be worth eating—bullo, what's the matter?"

Nan Beverley sat down in the ancient saddlebag chair in silence. She was dressed with a richness of effect that made Peggy draw her breath in something like dismay. Her brilliant skin and slender, sinuous body, at that hour and in that dingy room, were striking. Her very beauty struck an incongruous note.

"You sold your diamond ring, I see," Peggy said slowly.

Nan Beverley looked up with a gleam of her old arrogance. It died down to a half-sullen laugh.

"Yes. I could only get fifty pounds for it. I had to buy some rags of some kind. It's made rather a hole in the proceeds. My hat is an awful kind of life, Peg o' my heart!"

She cast a panic-stricken glance round the room. The flush of courage which had sustained her in the day before had gone.

She sat down, with her silver-chain handbag upon her knee, and listened to the cracked song of Monsieur Lupin, in his workshop below, as he carved waxen faces of murderers and martyrs.

Peggy emptied her tea-cup.

"Pretty stuffy," she agreed unemotionally. "I've just been looking through the newspaper. There's two or three stories mentioned you."

Nan Beverley tapped her white teeth with her finger-nail. She did not seem to hear Peggy.

"They all know who I am!" she burst out, viciously and tremulously. "I didn't think they would. There was a smirk on the face of the jeweller who bought my ring. The girl in the dressmaker's shop called me Mrs. Beverley before I told her my name. The landlord of the news came to me this morning, rubbing my hands—they're Jev, I think. He wanted my name registered."

She laughed brokenly—"I was frightened of coming here in case the man below wanted to make a picture of me in his waxworks. 'The Beautiful Mrs. Beverley of the Beverley Divorce Case.' It's no go for me, Peggy Beckett, this being poor and honest. That's what I told me."

Peggy made an impulsive movement, then stopped herself. Her straight blue eyes rested on Nan Beverley.

"You see," she said deliberately. "You don't look poor and honest. She ignored the cold little sneer that crept about the other girl's lips. "You look just like—just like the Beautiful Mrs. Beverley. I suppose it's because you've been performing on the stage for so long that you don't realize you're behind the scenes now—in a grubby little dressing-room—I'm a rude little girl, aren't I?"

Nan's lips curled in a forced smile.

"You're startling," she said, slowly. "Go on."

Peggy was pinning on her little velvet hat. She talked with a hatpin in her mouth.

"When old geezers who let rooms in a flat suddenly arrayed like one of Solomon's wives in all her glory, so to speak, they sit up and take notice. So does everybody else. It doesn't matter even if you're so tremendous you're all yourself, Miss Beverley. Oh, I know that you feel like a rag-

bag compared with what you used to. But look at poor me!"

Peggy swung round with sudden cat-like ferocity—"Do you think girls like me never ach all over inside for silks and satins and motor-cars and nothing to do for ever?"

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DAILY MIRROR'S
FASHION FAIR
OPENS
HOLLAND PARK HALL
MONDAY, APRIL 16.

THE DAILY MIRROR, Wednesday, April 4, 1923.

Molly Mole Appears! See
Page 11

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

TURN TO PAGE 15
FOR ANOTHER
AMUSING
MUTT AND JEFF
CARTOON.

PRINCESS MARY AND VISCOUNT LASCELLES AT THE DONCASTER HACKNEY SHOW.



Mr. Fletcher's black horse, first in heavy trades class.



Miss Fletcher driving Ángoram Express in the Hackney novice mares' class.



Sir Merrick Burrell (right), a judge, and (centre) Mr. Nigel Coleman, acting president and president elect.



Miss Maitland, who was awarded the championship and first prize for driving, pins on her badge.



Princess Mary presents the gold cup for the champion stallion to Mr. Henrichsen. Lord Lascelles, left.

Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles attended the second day of the Doncaster Hackney Show at Glasgow Paddocks yesterday, and were given a great reception. Both saw women

riders and drivers take a prominent part in the show, and Princess Mary presented the principal cups to their winners.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



Miss M. A. Bullows, a prominent woman rider, going well over the wall jump on If Not.